



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 38.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4. 1801.

WHOLE NO 662.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

AMIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants thereof are as numerous and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favored them both. The lovers and the fair one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honor of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins are named by the magistrate to place them on an altar, where they remain till the fire has consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the color of their nome, and wears a diadem on the head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places, the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done this manner, then follow all the standers by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely on the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, has she already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower: and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover have

it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which if they do they can only be married to widowers. But let us return to our twin brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, and being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her to the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companion, she imperceptibly dropped the token she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. Ah, said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, it is the very same! and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this imagined for certain that it meant him: but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He that had first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice. This sort of conversation, though strictly prohibited by the laws was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns meaning thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted; she allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards the elder brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction he discovered at his coming seemed to him indeed somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his will no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favorable dispositions toward him, that he thought he might easily waive the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower.

She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she might not immediately wear it; that she must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him in her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success; but, as mystery was not destitute of charms for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full blown flower as a testimony of her consent; at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother, who had given her the full blown flower at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other! As soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favor two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full blown had been presented her by one of the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla—for thus was the damsel called. Her form was noble and majestic; and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, then she exclaimed; "I am deceived! Thou knowest my innocence, O almighty Sun!"—She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee; I know that thou art innocent.—Her mother and the servants were fetched to her relief and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said; "Unhappy Berilla thou art now dishonored! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents, who loved thee in their hearts; and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!" On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father, himself oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurance that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my

father," said she, "am I still worthy of thee?" "That thou art," he replied, "thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compole thy spirit," added he, with sighs. "I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. II.

"From no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways." TOPE.

IT has become very fashionable of late for individuals to set foreign to their nature, and to pass themselves upon the world for beings very different from what they really are. Affectation appears to have taken such deep root in the soul, that reason and good sense can often make but little opposition to it. This failing frequently shows itself in different extremes,—some affect to be wise and benevolent, while others only strive to be noted for depravity, or some ridiculous singularity. Those of the first class are somewhat entitled to pity and indulgence, because they evince an approbation of what is worthy; but those of the second deserve severe censure as they exhibit an attachment to what is disgraceful and infamous.

Aff-ctation may sometimes appear in the wife and virtuous; in general, however, it may be considered as the peculiar property of the weak and frivolous.—Barren indeed is that soil where it thrives luxuriantly.

I have been led into those remarks by the behavior of two of my acquaintance, whose characters shall compose the present number. HARRY DASHALL is a young man of considerable gaiety and goodness of heart. There was a time when his manners were lively and engaging,—when his mirth was restrained within proper limits, and when he was esteemed a pleasant companion by all his acquaintance. But, within a few months, his conduct has been totally changed;—of late it is his chief ambition to astonish and surprise. Though possessed of a weak constitution, and naturally averse to dissipation, at present he launches into all the excesses of riot and intemperance. His conversation is replete with accounts of nocturnal exploits and revels. He entertains his intimates with a detail of a pitched battle between him, his associates, and the nightly preservers of peace;—defeats upon their display of bravery, still overpowered by numbers, they were gallantly effected to, and passed the remainder of the night in, the Watch House. This conversation is not solely confined to the choice spirits of his acquaintance, but is often related to a circle of female auditors, who are thus taught to have a high opinion of his bravery and intrepidity. Sometimes, indeed, I have known him carry the account beyond the bounds of truth, and boast of being engaged in a midnight carousal, when he was quietly reposing in bed. To be distinguished as a rake is HARRY's chief ambition. To acquire the empty applause of a few beings as frivolous as himself, he is giving up the esteem of the virtuous, and at the same time is rapidly shortening his days.

JEMMY LISTLESS is a character extremely opposite to this. He, though naturally a very active young man, affects indolence and inattention; pretends to remember nothing that passes around him, and forgets whether he spent the preceding evening at the ball or theatre. He cannot bear exercise, it totally oppresses him. In company he lolls about on the chairs,—is silent and apparently absent. Yet JEMMY all this while is only acting his part, and endeavoring to secure the opinion that he is a curious and singular individual. Sometimes, if questioned abruptly, he forges his character, and shews that for once he has been guilty of attention. At present his behavior is remarked, on account of its novelty; but in a little time it will become disgusting from its insipidity. Habits of languor and indolence will gradually creep upon him, and while striving to forget himself, he will soon find by bitter experience that he is despised and forgotten by society.

Saturday, July 4. 1801.

O.

[In the "Meddler, No. I." inserted in last week's Museum, friend Blue from the close of the third paragraph, for "simile," read "smaller."] REMARK.

Such is the injustice of men, that they punish as a crime even the attempt to please them when it does not succeed.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

WHAT scenes of sorrow wake the soul to pain,
What floods of anguish cloud the sick'ning eye!
O sons of Pity! pour the melting strain.
O sons of Pity! leave the plaintive sigh!
For cold is he, the youth of graceful frame,
Whole deed of mercy spoke the feeling mind,
To whose warm breath were friendship's hallow'd flame,
The bird's wild fancy and his fire assign'd:
Say, gentle spirit! whither art thou fled,
To what pale region of the silent dead?
Yet why enquire? where some sweet season blows,
Sure Grief shall smile, and Friendship breathe her vows,
Despair grow mild, Distraction cease to rave,
And Love once more shall clasp the form he gave,

THE ROBIN-RED-BREAST AND THE CAT.

A FABLE.

ONE morn, when snows bellw'd the ground
And frost each pool in fetters bound,
A ROBIN, pinch'd through hunger's pow'r,
Made free to approach a Farmer's door.
Nor bolts nor bars his entrance stopp'd;
The door was open; in he hopp'd
He staid around with vast surprise;
The scene was new to Robin's eyes.
He duck'd his head, as tho' he'd say,
"God bless you, folks, this frosty day!"
Now bolder grown, he hopp'd around,
And pick'd the crumbs from off the ground.
His little crop soon fill'd with meat,
Kind Jenny cumber'd as he eat.
"Blest chance to lead me!" (Robin said)
"To where I'm warm'd, to where I'm fed!"
May ne'er mischance this house molest,
And may that hand be doubly blest;
May pains, and sickness cease to intrude;
Then chirp'd a song of gratitude.

GRIMALKIN heard the tempting air,
And fly'd from beneath a chair,
He lick'd his whiskers, fix'd his eyes,
And sprung upon the fluttering prize.
"Ah me! ah me! what woes betide!
Spare, spare my life!" poor Robin cried,
"Shew mercy, as thou'd'st mercy find;
I ne'er harm'd Cat or Kitten kind,
Let man's example be thy guide."—
"Fool! so it," is the Cat replied.
Look round and thou shalt view, each day,
Man making man his eager prey,
The helpless, harmless, rell assur'd,
Ne'er fail, like thee, to be devour'd."
Thus spoke the Cat, with visage grim,
Then tore the trembler limb from limb!

ON SLAVERY.

From DARWIN'S "Botanic Garden."

HARK! I heard you not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky!
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores,
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish roars!
E'en now, in Africa's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce SLAVERY stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And fable nations tremble at the sound!—
Ye bands of Senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either God obeys;
Who right the injured, and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Thro'ed in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice of plots of Guilt alarms,
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder, when the deed is done,
Hear him, ye Senates! hear this truth sublime,
"He, who allows Oppression, shares the crime."

EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Strephon, ravish'd by a smile
From Chloe in a public place,
Exclaim'd, in a theatric style,
"Nature ne'er form'd so fair a face."
By chance the fool was in the right,
'Twas patches, paint, and candle-light.

FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

THAT intelligent and unfortunate traveller, Ledyard, pays a very sincere and animated tribute of gratitude to the female sex, even in the most barbarous and uncivilized countries, for their benevolent and hospitable attention to the forlorn stranger. Mr. Park, who has been in a similar situation with Ledyard, mentions the following anecdote in the short account of his travels lately made public.

Mr. Park one evening, in travelling along the banks of the Niger, was overtaken by a storm of thunder and rain, which drove him to a tree for shelter. As night approached, a poor negro woman, returning from the labors of the field, observed that he was wet, weary and dejected; and taking up his saddle and bridle, told him to follow her. She led him to her cottage, where she regaled him with an excellent supper of fish, and corn for his horse, after which she spread a mat on the floor for his night's repose. Having done these kind offices, she called in the female part of the family, who spun cotton for the greater part of the night, and relieved their labor by songs. One of them which was sung in a sweet plaintive air, must have been composed extempore, as the literal translation of the words is as follows.

"The winds raged and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat down under a tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn."—Chorus—"Let us pity the white man; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn."

INSTANCE OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, 1704, several freemen of the Borough of Aylesbury had been refused the liberty of voting at an election for a Member of Parliament, though they proved their qualifications as such. The law in this case imposes a fine on the returning officer of 100l. for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who ordered the officer to be arrested. The House of Commons, alarmed at this step, made an order of their house to make it penal for either judge, council or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice, and several lawyers were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it on in the Court of King's Bench. The house, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a Sergeant at Arms for the Judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a voice of authority, be gone; on which they sent a second message by their Speaker, attended by many members as espoused the measure. After the Speaker had delivered his message, his lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr Speaker, within these five minutes, or, you may depend on it, I'll send you to Newgate. You may speak of your authority; but I'll tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws and a distributor of justice, and were the whole House of Commons with you, I would not stir one foot." The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the House was equally prudent in letting the affair drop.

MEMORANDUM.

CHURCHILL led a very dissolute life—he was nevertheless very humane, and the cry of distress never reached his ear in vain. As he was returning home about two o'clock one morning from a debauch, he was accosted in the Strand by a gentle young girl, who, in a tremulous voice asked him to accompany her to a tavern. Churchill was struck with her manner of addressing him, and, looking earnestly at her, saw her face covered with tears; he felt for her, and gave her a guinea, bid her go home, and get something to enliven her spirits, of which she seemed to be much in need. The poor girl, unable to contain her gratitude, dropped on her knees in the street, and implored ten thousand blessings on him, who had thus preserved a family from starving.—"I am, Sir, (said she) the daughter of an officer, whose regiment being broken, he is now reduced with a wife and five children to the point of death for want; we were brought to the very last extremity, when I, unable any longer to see my parents in such a situation, resolved on this method to procure them sustenance, but your generosity has saved us."

Mr. Churchill desired to be conducted to this scene of horror and, finding the account given perfectly true, he not only administered present relief, but procured them a very liberal benevolence.

MAXIM. He who is pos'd up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

PASTORAL.

I Envy no mortal his splendor or wealth;
In a neat little cot I reside;
Though poor, yet I'm blest with contentment and health,
For with me they are pleas'd to abide.

At morn, when bright sun-beams glide over the plain,
I with joy quit my pillow of rest;
And listen with rapture to hear a sweet strain,
From the linnets or little red-breast.

Then at eve, when pale Luna peeps over yon hill,
I return to my cot in the lawn;
Sing my song, feed my dog, quench my thirst at the rill,
Then lay down, sooth'd by sleep, till the dawn.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1801.

On Wednesday forenoon, agreeably to law, GEORGE CLINTON, Esq. Governor Elect of this State, took the oath prescribed by the constitution, previous to his entering upon the duties of his office. At 12 o'clock a salute was fired in the Park on this occasion.

Arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of the twenty sixth Year of American Independence.

At a joint meeting of the Committees from the Mechanic, Tammany and Coopers Societies, and from the Militia Officers, of the Counties of New-York and Richmond, held at Hatfield's Tavern, for the purpose of making arrangements for celebrating the FOURTH OF JULY.

Resolved. That the different Societies and Militia Officers do meet at such places as they may respectively appoint and join on the Battery at 10 o'clock A. M. where they will form a Procession and march in the following order, viz.

Armed Military, Mechanic Society, Coopers Society, Band of Music, Tammany Society, and Militia Officers.

The Procession will move from the Battery past the Government House to Beaver Street, through Beaver Street to Broad Street, up Broad Street to Wall Street, down Wall Street to Pearl Street, up Pearl Street to Beekman Street, up Beekman Street to the New Brick Presbyterian Church, when the front of the procession will halt, and open to the right and left, and the rear pass through in the Church.

ARRANGEMENTS IN CHURCH.

1. Music by the Band.
2. The Declaration of Independence to be read by Mr. Alexander Campbell from the Mechanic Society.

3. Vocal Music.
4. Music by the Band; while performing, a collection will be made, out of which the expenses of the day will be defrayed, and the residue presented to the Charity School of the Church.

5. An Oration to be delivered by Capt. GEORGE I. EACKEK, appointed by the Military.

6. An Ode composed by Mr. Low, for the occasion, and to be sung by a select company.

After leaving Church, the Societies again to form with the order of the Procession reversed, and to march from Church to Chatham Row, through Chatham Row to Broadway, down Broadway to the Battery, where they will form a circle, give three cheers and dismiss.

BOSTON, June 26.

Captain Sawyer, from Palermo (Sicily) which place he left the 27th April, informs, that he saw a letter from Malta, which related, that Sir Ralph Abercrombie was buried at Malta the 17th April; that he was slain with another General officer, 100 officers and 500 men, in a battle before Alexandria; in which the French were totally defeated, and driven into Alexandria, with the loss of all their artillery, where they were besieged by the English.

A correspondent informs (says the Huntingdon Gazette of June 17th) of the following horrid murder, committed on the body of Mr. John Clark, at the foot of Chestnut Ridge, viz.

"Mr. John Clark of Northumberland county, was removing his family to Piesquille, and passed Allegheny mountain by the route of Beala, to the foot of Chestnut Ridge, being there on Saturday evening 30th ult. he put his family in a wattle cabin, to remain there till Monday morning following—but unfortunately for Mr. C. he had been joined a few miles the east side of Frankstown, by a young man, who alleged that he (Mr. Clark) was going to some part of the Western country, and being alone, he

proposed to travel in company with the family, and would assist in driving the waggon, and render other services that would be required. His proposals were cheerfully accepted by Mr. Clark, and he was supplied with every necessary, as he lived with them.

On Monday morning, before they loaded the waggon to proceed on the journey, the young man took Mr. Clark's rifle to hunt for game. He went some distance from the cabin, (but within hearing) and fired off the rifle, and immediately ran in with the news that he had shot a deer, and requested Mr. Clark to take one of the horses to bring in the carcass; while Mr. Clark got a valuable mare and mounted, he loaded the rifle in case another opportunity should offer, they set out together, Mr. Clark riding, and he walking, after some time Mrs. Clark and her children heard another shot, and concluded they had met with another deer; but shocking to relate, the ball entered the back part of Mr. Clark's head and came out through his forehead and he fell a victim to the ungrateful miscreant whom they had for several days fed and treated with kindness.

The unsuspecting woman with her children remained in their desolate situation several days waiting for the return of her husband, without being able to make search in the wilderness, being fearful of going out of sight of the smoke of the cabin, lest she could not find her way back. After a few days, she was visited by a travelling person, who informed her that he saw a stranger on the east side of Allegheny mountain in search of a stray horse; this information in some degree lulled her fears, but she related the circumstance of her husband's going into the woods with a stranger, and she heard a gun fired, but had not seen either of them since, they being then near one week gone.

As this person was then passing into the next settlement, he gave the alarm, and several persons went to the assistance of Mrs. Clark. On Monday, the 8th instant, they found the body of Mr. Clark, shot as above mentioned, but could not remove the corpse.

It is supposed the villain rode off the mare, as she cannot be found, and stripped Mr. Clark of a silver watch and 20 Dollars, which he had in his pocket when he left his family.

The person suspected of having committed this horrid deed, is a young man, about 19 or 20 years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches high, slender made, thin visage, swarthy complexion, brown hair of considerable length and tied. He called himself Thomas Morgan, said he came from Connecticut; his pronunciation and accent were similar to those of the illiterate men from that State.

From the Calcutta Monthly Journal.

THE following melancholy circumstance occurred a few days ago to the Westward. A Native Schoolmaster, accompanied by twenty-one boys, his scholars, was passing a branch of the Palar River, not far from Wallajahbad, at the time of these unfortunates having reached the bank of the river, its bed was nearly dry, and they consequently expected to pass it without the smallest danger; the late heavy rains, however had accumulated into a large and extensive body of water, above the pass, which, suddenly breaking through its embankment, rushed impetuously down, and overwhelmed the unsuspecting schoolmaster, and his innocent pupils, with immediate destruction. Two boys, with their master, alone reached the opposite bank of the river, but one of them so much exhausted, that he died in a few minutes after he had touched the shore. The poor schoolmaster stood upon the bank, and gazed upon his dying pupils, in all the agonies of despair "and who," said he "shall tell this dreadful tale to the Fathers and to the Mothers of the Children—I never can."—After this pathetic exclamation, he stood some few moments, exhibiting a speechless figure of unutterable grief—then plunged into the flood and instantly perished.

The surviving boy soon recovered, and carried the afflicting tale to the house of the schoolmaster; when his wife, with that desperation, which sometimes marks the otherwise mild character of the Asiatics, threw herself into a deep well, and was drowned ere assistance could be given.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON'S

OR THE

Famous Scots Pills.

COURT of HYMEN.

THAT man might know life's truest bliss,
And undiminish'd pleasure prove,
Drink the pure stream of happiness,
And taste the joys of wedded love.
A friend sincere, a female friend was given,
Sweet sharer of his joys, rich boon of Heaven.

MARRIED.

On Thursday last week by the Rev. Mr. Cooper; Mr. THOMAS SHERWOOD, of Philipburgh, to Miss HANNAH WILLIAMS, of that place.

HOPE FOR THE RESPONDING.

At Killingworth, M^{rs} Mr. JEDEDIAH HARRIS, aged 75, to Miss HANNAH HULL, aged 35.
At South-Amboy, on the 15 ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH HALL, aged 56, to Miss PATIENCE GULICK, aged 60.

The TRANSPARENT PAINTING, executed by John Vander Pool, is sold, and will be exhibited at Mr. MARTLING'S, corner of Nassau and George Streets.

State Road Lottery, No. III.

TICKETS registered and examined at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING

will be presented, a celebrated Dramatic Piece, called

The School for Soldiers,

OR THE DESERTER.

With a HARLEQUIN PANTOMIME, and a variety of ENTERTAINMENTS.

Novels,

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

MORDAUNT, by the author of Zeluco.
Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple.
Emilia d' Varmout, or the Necessary Divorce.
Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor.
George Barnwell, by Surr.
Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg.
Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story. Two Cousins,
Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq.
Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne. The Coquette.
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation.
Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Tom Jones.
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla. Romance of the Forest. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonfalso of Cordova, Arundel,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela,
Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Follies,
Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler. Fool of Quality,
Mysteries of Udolpho, Mystic Cottager. Select Stories,
Count Roderick's Castle. Female Confraternity.
Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Verger.

WANTED—by James Oram, No 102 Water-Street, two Apprentices to learn the Printing business—the most liberal allowance for board and clothes will be given.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

POEMS,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

by
PHILIP FRENEAU.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ON LIBERTY.

OH could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever drest'd a bank, or scented summer air.

Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light:
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:

Else I would say and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This tripple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta higher, and am here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While conscience happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd and our land, too long,
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:

Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt,
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire and flood
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood,
And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
Where covert guilt and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind:
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WHILE fierce Bellona rages wild,
O'er Europe's vast domains,
Sweet smiling Peace with aspect mild,
Gilds fair Columbia's plains:

While foreign climes in bondage dire,
Enfetter'd groan and sigh—
A glorious federal charter guards
Our nation's liberty.

Here rich and poor, here high and low
All equal blessings share,
Here pure, the streams of justice flow,
All independant are.

The sacred flame—the lucid fire,
Each Freeman's bosom warms;
Depriv'd of Freedom's gay attire,
Life is depriv'd of charms.

Still may that sacred flame be fann'd,
With patriotic zeal,
Still may the men in high command,
Its genuine impulse feel.

And for our common country's good,
Let party spirit cease,
Nor foreign influence e'er intrude;
To interrupt our peace.



LAW ANECDOTE.

TWO men possessing each a laudable measure of spunk, went to law about an oyster, and impleaded each other by learned authorities; and having suffered a variety of disappointments and torments from abatements, demurrers, &c. the final verdict was given, which was, that the oyster being opened, the meat should be divided among the honorable Court and Lawyers, and the clients, or parties should jointly be entitled to the shell.

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MORALIST.

AMIDST the miseries to which human life is liable, nothing is so generally dreaded as poverty; since it exposes mankind to distresses that are but little pitied, and to the contempt of those who have no natural endowments superior to our own. Every other difficulty or danger, a man is enabled to encounter with courage and alacrity, because he knows that his success will meet with applause, for bravery will always find its admirers; but in poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct can entirely secure a man from reproach. Cheerfulness, as an admirable author observes, is here insensibility, and dejection, fullness; its hardships are without honor, and its labors without reward.

How many abject souls there are, who esteem the want of wealth as a want of virtue!

A consciousness of the rectitude of our intentions, tells us, though we are unfortunate, it is not because we are more undeserving than others; nor is our native pride depressed by a sense of our poverty. We can see, in ideas, Cincinnatus, the great dictator, preparing on his hearth the homely repast, with those hands that had subdued the enemies of his country, and borne the triumphal laurel; reflect that Socrates, the reformer, and Menenius Agrippa, the arbiter of his country, had been, the one maintained, and the other buried by contribution. And the great Scipio Africanus had been so poor, that the portions of his daughters were paid by the public: who then would repine at adoption into a family that has been honored by such illustrious ancestors?

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